THE UNFOLDMENT
OR
DIVINELY TAUGHT

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MARY ELIZABETH BEERS

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THE UNFOLDMENT

OR

DIVINELY TAUGHT

By MARY ELIZABETH BEERS

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1910

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To all the good the future holds,
That through transforming law unfolds,
Immutable, Eternal good,
Perfected man and womanhood,

This booklet is lovingly dedicated.

PREFACE

THE author received practically no education, having never attended school more than a few weeks, and has no knowledge of grammar whatever.

Go forth, little booklet, to the weary searcher for peace and rest in a weary land. You cannot fail to find some one, who will find words of reassurance and comfort in some line herein inscribed.[1]

Lovingly yours,

MARY ELIZABETH BEERS.

NEW YORK,
May 18th, 1910.

[1] The poems in this little booklet were composed during the years from 1874 to 1910.

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THE UNFOLDMENT

DAYS OF CHILDHOOD

OH give back the days of my childhood,
Ever happy and gay was I then,
When I gathered sweet flowers in the wild-
wood,
That naught to their beauty could lend.

But ah, the beautiful flowers
Have faded away from my sight,
And lonely and dreary the hours,
That once there was nothing to blight.

And friends we so much did cherish,
Like the flowers, have faded away,
And left us behind them to perish,
While they soar in realms of Day.

In the sweet by and by we shall meet them,
And join in the strain that they sing,
And carry our love as an emblem,
To Jesus our heavenly King.

THE Poem, "Days of Childhood," was written between the age of twelve and fifteen years. It was my first effort; though, to put it more correctly, it was not an effort, but a pressure produced by the dawning conciousness of womanhood's sterner years, as I realized that the home of my childhood fell short of that which my heart cried for.

I left home at the age of twenty years without any trade or profession whereby to earn a sustenance. Prior to my leaving home I was out in the field working one day, when a strong desire to become a Christian took possession of me. I went to the house and told my mother. She and my eldest sister laughed heartily at my request to be baptized. Soon after this I was taken sick and lay for two or three months, and did not get any better until my mother finally agreed to let me go some ten or twelve miles away to the home of a minister of the Christian, or Campbellite, church, as it was called. Soon after arriving at his house, one sabbath after Christmas we all repaired to the creek some three miles away, and I was duly baptized. My health became perfect at once. All my friends were puzzled at my rapid recovery.

It was after the desire to become a Christian

took possession of me, that I composed my first poem. I sent it to the editor of our little country paper, and he printed it. When my friends read it, they were in doubt whether I wrote it or not. A cousin said to my mother: "Do you really think that Mary wrote the poem?" She replied: "Well, yes, there is an originality about it in the way she utilizes the lines of the old familiar hymns." I do not think that I was conceited, yet I did feel somewhat piqued to have my folks suggest that I was probably plagiarizing or shamming. So, to convince them, I went to the barn and wrote the poem entitled, "Death." My cousin, who was present, had recently lost a little daughter, so I dedicated the verses to him. After this I was regarded as a strange but strong-minded member of the household.

DEATH

Dedicated to my Cousin, Lloyd White.

DEATH came to our happy home
Where love so pure did reign,
And carried one bright flower away,
To free it from all pain.

THE UNFOLDMENT

To us it seems not hardly fair,
  That death should come and gather,
The flower that was to us so fair,
  Into its fold forever.

Since then all things seem changed to us.
  Perhaps 'tis for the best.
We call her, though 'tis all in vain,
  We cannot break her rest.

But death will come for us some day,
  If we but do our duty,
We then will go to her and live,
  Where all is love and beauty.

At this period in my life I had never entered a home governed by law and order in its details. Yet I did feel that there was a system to be attained that was worth striving for. At last, impelled by some power I could not explain, I obtained my mother's permission to go to the home of friends who had recently moved from our town. These friends were so poor that they could neither clothe nor keep me for any length of time without remuneration. Hence, being wholy unequipped for self-support, I mingled with what would be regarded as the mixed, or undesirable elements of society. At times, I would come in contact with high-class or noble persons who helped me to finally acquire some skill through practice, in cooking, sewing, and several other lines of work. In fact I had the conceit that I was a good cook, which is not always the case with southern women. One reason why I make these statements is, that it has been said: — "Women who write poetry do not make good cooks or house-wives." The fact that I, like Topsy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "was not raised, but growed," induced me to feel a certain amount of pride in the little talent I did possess along this line.

Prior to the time that I began to develop in the domestic art, my path was hard, and the

harshness with which I so often had to contend caused me to try to become an infidel. During this period I suffered constantly from severe headaches. One afternoon, while suffering from one of these attacks, my mind turned to the thought of eternal life and I asked myself: "Is there a God? If so, why is there so much suffering, sorrow, sin and shame?" After pondering along this line of thought, it seemed clear to me that a good life was best even though there be no future life. I furthermore reached a firmer conclusion to begin and live nearer to what I regarded as Christian. Having reached this mental poise, I immediately experienced a perfect sense of harmony, arose from the bed perfectly well and wrote the verses:

VERY STRANGE

SOME people are born to be great,
  And some to be very small,
Some to be rich, others poor,
  And some to be nothing at all.

God made them all, you know,
  They say he knows what's best.
He made some very fast and some very slow,
  Why so, I have never guessed.

VERY STRANGE

They tell me he's good and great,
That he doeth all things well;
That there is for some a heavenly gate,
For others, a burning hell.

I can't see where the fun comes in,
We're so very apt to fall,
In battle with both good and sin,
We've had nothing to do with at all.

If I were a wise and perfect God,
In a mansion in the skies,
I'd feel ashamed, when worshipped by those,
I had given sightless eyes.

To babes whose little lives I'd made,
Whose eyes I'd op'ed to tears,
To life's flickering light and shade,
And toil of many years —

I'd kneel and ask them to forgive,
The great mistake I made,
In giving them a life to live
So filled with sorrow's shade.

IMMEDIATELY after the poem, "Very Strange," was written, I accepted a position as housekeeper for an old man on a farm. The quiet, together with the singing birds and lowing cattle, was at first a heavenly change. Later, however, the tongue of gossip caused me much trouble. This and other events caused me to make an unhappy marriage. I knew that it was not the thing I most desired yet, in my ignorance, thought it the best thing to do to extricate myself from the meshes of former mistakes. At the time, I thought these occurrences downright outrages, but since see them as, "The law to bring me to Christ." During this period these lines were written:

LIFE ON THE FARM

OUT on the farm, I long to be,
From city style and folly free,
To list' in joy the lowing herd,
And thrilling song of singing bird.

There, nature's painting is the scene,
That charms the eye with living green,
With streams and little running brooks,
With here and there, cool, shady nooks.

LIFE ON THE FARM

Away from the city, full of strife,
Free from envy's poisoned life,
No wind from city slum or woe,
O'er fields of grain, doth ever blow.

Yes! on the farm, I hope to die,
With no hard face from crime near by;
For I'd forget that ere I found,
Where hell's dark rivers do abound:

Forget the roar of crime's rough waves,
That sweeps so many to their graves,
With not a hand reached out to bless,
Or save them from their wretchedness.

Yes! let me draw a veil between
Myself and thoughts of things I've seen.
For this I pray, and 'tis no harm,
To breathe my last, *out on the farm.*

About this time in my development I had given up the attempt to think that there was no God. I had read a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled "Give Him a Lift," which meant more to me than any sermon I had ever heard. It confirmed my thought that the world was flooded with too much theorizing and failure to obey the Scriptural command: "Bring again the outcast, and bind up the bruised and broken." Moreover, while I did not regularly attend church services, I was constantly pondering the moral problem. Gradually there was a passing of old ideas, giving place to those expressing a better understanding of God. As this change of concepts took place, the thought is apparently improved. One sabbath I attended services at a Baptist church. The sermon was very impressive. My sister snubbed me. The last song the congregation sang was the old familiar, "Rock of Ages," which inspired me to write the following verses:

ROCK OF AGES

ROCK of ages, ever be,
Light of earth and heaven for me!
And when life's rough waters roll,
In a deluge, o'er my soul;

ROCK OF AGES

Safe on thee, I'll ever sing,
"Simply to the cross I cling."

Although my path is wanting light,
Or seems continuous gloomy night;
Away above its murk and gloom, —
Above this temporary home,
A never fading light I see,
Rock of ages, 'tis on thee.

As I live, oh, let me be,
Ever trusting all in thee!
And be thou a beacon light,
To steer my frail bark through the night,
To a realm of endless day,
With those who labor, love and pray.

May I bravely do and dare,
And life's ills with patience bear,
Knowing when the race is run,
If 'tis well and nobly done,
I can rest secure on thee,
"Rock of ages, cleft for me."

A soul that all on thee depends,
Has joy and hope that never ends.

A perfect trust in thee can give,
The sweetest pleasures while we live,
And when life's armor is laid by,
Will rest on thee beyond the sky.

Let me trust thee to the last,
Till the storm of life is past.
And when angels bear life's breath,
Across the silent stream of death,
Into the eternal rolling sea,
Let me *closer cling to thee.*

AFTER AWHILE

THE following poem was written after I had been through a siege of discord with my relatives, which was caused by jealousy and lack of love. Worry and hard work had made me sick. I was in bed and had been for some time. After reviewing the situation, at length there came a re-born assurance that God would quiet the warring elements and heal the broken heart—

AFTER AWHILE

AFTER awhile life's struggle will cease,
As after war there comes sweet peace.
After the storm there is a calm,
To the tempest tossed, a healing balm.
A balm for all life's seeming ill,
A voice that whispers, "Peace, be still."

And when the tempest is felt no more,
And its weight of care and tears are o'er,
Hearts, that have in anguish broke
By cruel act or harsh word spoke,
Will then be healed by sweet repose,
And rest from life's turmoil and woes.

THE UNFOLDMENT

'Tis best we have both wrong and right.
There'd be no day without a night.
There'd be no good without the bad,
And be no weary hearts made glad.
There are two courses whence to choose,
Then dare to win the race or lose.

No one would push to win the race,
And all would go an idler's pace;
If there was not ahead renown
And for the winning one a crown,
Thus calling man to do and dare,
Would he a crown of merit wear.

Then let us brave the rainy day,
And snow and sleet along the way,
For, after clouds, 'twill be more clear,
And God and heaven seem more near,
And when life's lesson we have learned,
We'll spurn a crown we have not earned.

After a siege of vicious attacks by gossips these lines were presented to my thought:

HUMAN WOLVES

Of all the beasts or varmints wild,
That roam the earth at will,
I dread the human wolf the most,
Whose tongue is never still.

These wolves, dress up in human clothes,
Then stray from home to home,
Collecting fragments of bad news,
To scatter, as they roam.

They're very seldom ever heard,
Repeating ill plain out.
They are too cautious, so they say,
"I think there's room for doubt."

At first these sly, suggestive words,
Hinting at *thus* and *so*,
Seem trifling, yet in time they yield,
A harvest rich in woe.

But after death, if we are true,
And reach the heavenly home,
We'll never see a human wolf,
For there they'll never come.

LIFE'S VOYAGE

On one occasion, when laboring under a pressure of circumstances, my heart went out to God to know why my lot seemed so hard. The following poem came to my thought, which is a reply to my mental inquiry:

LIFE'S VOYAGE

WHEN we launch our little bark
Upon the stream of life,
With hopes of sweet fruition
And not a thought of strife,

We bravely ply the oars
Onward and out to see,
Little knowing that the harvest
May a raging tempest be.

With tears of disappointment,
We see the voyage vain,
That the treasure which we sought for
Is not to be our gain.

For awhile the courage falters,
'Till youth's vigor doth restore,
Hope to journey on again,
To win the prize once more,

THE UNFOLDMENT

To find the journey fruitless,
The race of life most run,
Disappointment having met us,
In every thing we've done.

We look back in amazement,
At days of toil and care,
And think for all our efforts,
We've earned a bounteous share.

And yet a scanty portion,
Was ours along the way,
Sometimes we've hardly had enough,
To eat from day to day.

You ask: "Where is the secret?
Where is the sure way,
That leads to fame and fortune,
Through toil from day to day?"

'Tis here, my friend, upon the shore
From which your race begun.
If you had only started right,
Success you would have won.

LIFE'S VOYAGE

You trusted wholly to your self,
To win fair fortune's smile,
And to that end you labored on,
In patience for awhile.

And all the while you did forget,
The God who made the earth,
That every deed and noble thought,
By him was given birth.

You overlooked all that he told
His children they must do:
"Obey me, and all else you need,
Will be added unto you."

If you had only thought of this,
Before you started out,
In your pursuit, you would have won
Success without a doubt.

Then keep God's promises in sight,
On leaving youth's bright shore,
Begin the journey right, for you
Can't make the voyage o'er.

Forget ambition's aim and wish,
And bravely Christ obey,
And he will guide your little bark,
Through storm to calmer day.

Life's voyage may be rough and long,
And angry waters roll
Around and o'er you, yet, my friend,
They ne'er can touch the soul:

As it alone can win success,
Or wear the jeweled crown.
For else 'tis folly here to toil,
To gain this earth's renown.

Although you labor hard and long,
And small returns be given,
Great riches wait for those who reach,
The sacred shore of heaven.

While those who count their thousands o'er,
Obtained by grasp and greed,
Have lost their souls for earthly store,
And still are poor indeed.

LIFE'S VOYAGE

They're outcasts, paupers gone astray,
Pursuing earthly store,
They started wrong in launching out,
From youth's illumined shore.

There's only one way safe and sure,
That you can reach the shore,
Where all is wealth secure, and Christ
Reigns king forevermore.

THERE was, at this point, a widow who came to visit me very often and worried me greatly. She was jealous of me and I, somewhat, of her. Almost always after her visits there would appear some cruel and suggestive paragraph in the daily paper, which I was sure was inspired by her. The widow's daughter, by becoming a subject of severe criticism, gave her a great deal of trouble. After that when she came to see me her mood was somewhat changed. I realized that she was getting the measure that she had meted out to me. All her neighbors persecuted her and her daughter, which presented the thought in the following poem to my mind:

AS YE SOW

LIFE is not all joy or sorrow,
For a being here below,
And what is to be to-morrow,
Not a living soul can know.

Each being has a task before him,
To perform from day to day,
If not for self, then for a neighbor,
Or a loved one, gone astray.

Then do not sit and idly sigh,
As hours steal by from day to day,
But with determination try,
To win sick souls from death's dark way.

And you should feel unbounded pleasure,
Should chance allot this work to you,
For just the same as that you measure,
Will be measured back to you.

Then keep on filling up the measures,
With deeds of kindness good and true,
They are God's own given treasures,
And he will mete them out to you.

At one time, sweeping the past with my mind's eye with its childish expectations and future hopes, it presented a vivid picture in my view. It is in the following verses which are based on actual facts:

LOOKING BACKWARD

HOW well do I remember,
How I, as but a child,
Had dreams of age and splendor,
With treasures on them piled.

I had an awful longing,
Sly, sneaking little elf,
To do as Mother did, and wear
A trailing dress myself.

And once when she had gone from home,
I, to indulge my fancies,
Put on her dress and tried to do,
As grown folks do at dances.

I pinned the skirt 'way up in front,
And let it sweep behind,
Then straightway made a search of all,
The towels I could find.

You ask what I did that for,
And want to know some more.
I put those towels in my waist,
Yes, put them in before.

I longed to have a sweetheart, too.
To go with me to church,
And often thought how I would leave
Him sad and in the lurch.

I thought I'd say to him, "Adieu,"
As I looked o'er my shoulder,
But I have since found out quite well,
Girls change as they grow older,

And that old Time doth end the dream,
Of youth and girls awaken,
To find that they have been, alas!
Both sly and surely shaken.

Yes, girls oft' wake to this sad fact,
That men bestow caresses,
That only leave sad, aching hearts,
For those who wear long dresses.

Now, if I could have one wish
  Fulfilled before I die,
I'd be a child again and ne'er,
  To be a woman sigh.

On looking back o'er life's brief span,
  Though having done my best,
I see, that when I'm weighed I'll be,
  "Found wanting," like the rest.

Sometimes months, and even years, passed between the writing of my poems. But they always followed a sorrow or struggle of some kind. About the time the following verse, was written, my heart was about as sad as could be, several of my friends having recently passed beyond:

THE CHAIN OF LIFE

ONE by one the links are broken,
Till, alas! there is no token
Left behind, wherewith to tell,
Of all that we once loved so well.

One by one we miss a face,
A vacant chair doth fill the space,
Until at last we oftimes grow,
Most glad to leave this world below.

One by one like leaves they fall,
Far out beyond the anxious call,
Of those who loved them true and well,
Their fate, no living soul can tell.

Can I, then, live on alone,
When all the golden links are gone,
Mid scenes, in which I take no part,
No links of chain from heart to heart?

Oh, no, for God has made me wise!
I know, beyond the starry skies,
That all the golden links are stored,
To wait the coming of the horde:

Of all the faithful true and tried,
Who bow to him who for them died;
And there will form one solid chain,
To nevermore be rent in twain.

MY PRAYER

IMMEDIATELY after "The Chain of Life" was written, I passed through many hours of depression. These days of despondency caused me to cry out in prayer more fervently than ever before. On one occasion my prayer came to me in verse. The answer to this prayer brought me the knowledge that God is indeed "the healer of our diseases and iniquities."

MY PRAYER

FATHER, take my hand and lead me,
Through the night of dark despair,
For my heart is heavy laden,
Bowed beneath a load of care.

Temptations quickly round me gather,
To allure my soul astray,
Wilt thou give me strength and wisdom,
To resist from day to day,

Strength to guard each word and action,
Strength in grace and works to grow,
That, as I near the quiet valley,
I can feel secure, and know,

THE UNFOLDMENT

Just why I have such hope in Jesus,
Why his promises I love,
And feel secure in my believing,
I shall reach the home above.

Help me always to remember,
Thy son's example kind and meek,
If like him I'm rudely smitten,
Help me turn the other cheek.

I ask not for great possessions,
But that I could but possess,
The heart to give my all if needed,
Another's life or home to bless.

THERE was an editor in the place where we lived, who had everybody scared who did not stand in with him. I often felt that he would like to write up my history because it would make a good sensational story. This was a constant nightmare in my mind, which finally expressed itself in these lines:

THE LAND OF MY DREAMS

I WILL tell you of a land,
Of which I often dream,
'Tis a place where beast and man,
Are exactly what they seem.

No jealousy e'er enters,
This place of perfect rest,
And all that's ever known or said,
Is just the very best.

There people all do business,
On the live and let live plan,
Giving all mankind a welcome,
Except the newspaper man.

For in this little Eden,
That is so surely blessed,
They've formed a combine ne'er to have,
A bad newspaper pest.

Its people would rebel at
The reporter's pompous air,
Who darkens many a happy home,
And leaves there want and care.

An editor could not get in,
They've got his tactics brown,
They knew for pay he'd puff them up,
Or else he'd tear them down.

There they think they're all bad men,
The offals of creation,
A lazy lot of well-fed drones,
Who follow emigration;

And always slightly in the rear,
Ne'er in the field of labor,
Who, when the harvesting is done,
Live on their working neighbor.

Or, if his friend objects to this,
And says, "Newspaper Man,
I cannot work and keep you up,"
He'll ruin him if he can.

He'll call him villain, rascal, knave,
And fuss and fume and fizz,
Then say his paper made the place,
Just how and what it is.

Yes, in this land of which I dream,
Where all are promised rest,
I'm sure we'll never see or know,
A bad Newspaper pest.

Soon after writing the poem, "My Prayer," I was strangely led to find and accept God as my Physician, the same as my Spiritual Redeemer. On passing a house one day I saw a sign which said, "Christian Science Healing." Through curiosity I went in. I only remained a few moments, but was impressed with the satisfied expression on the practitioner's face. I do not remember one word she said. I, however, was impressed to send for her a few days later, when I was down with one of my old attacks. When she arrived, ere she seated herself, I repeated to her what Carrie Chapman Catt had said in her lecture a few days before, viz., that it is recorded in Hindoo history that Christ was once writing in the sand and a Hindoo said to him, "How was it when I saw you a thousand years ago you were in the form of a woman?" and that Christ replied: "Yes, and so I was, but the way is too rough and thorny now for the tender foot of woman. Again I will come in the form of many women." "Do you know," I added, "that I believe Christ is now on earth if we only knew where to find him." When I had finished she handed me the text-book,—"Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," saying: "This is he." I reached

out my hand, saying: "I believe it." I was instantly healed. She loaned me one of Mrs. Eddy's books, "Retrospection and Introspection." When I had read as far as the narrative where she, like little Samuel, answered when the voice called her, it brought to mind the strange fancies or flashes of memory that often came to me. I thought "When it occurs again, I will try and get the message that it brings." It soon came again, and the following verses speak for themselves. Prior to this poem I had thought that there was a literal Hell but, on scanning it I found therein the idea of evolution and universal salvation. From that time forth no one could for an instant interest me in the belief that any living creature would be eternally lost. Up to this time I had never read an article or heard a sermon on universal salvation. In fact I had read but little. The ease with which I grasped the ideas of the different philosophies has convinced me that what is said of Jesus ought to be true of all men when they come to be normally developed, viz., that they would not need letters to know all things as suggested in the verses:

A PHANTOM THOUGHT

SOMETIMES a thought from out the past,
Steals my dull fancies o'er,
That seems suggestively, to say,
"You've lived a life before."

Yes, somewhere in a peopled world,
Much like this world of ours,
Where each man tried to get control,
Of all important powers.

Again, this fancy doth suggest,
That life is all promotion,
That when we're tempered for the race,
We cross the silent ocean,

And there begin where we left off,
To climb the elevation,
The end of which is perfect rest,
For all of God's creation.

Some time after being healed in Christian Science, I received several merited rebukes for allowing error to handle me. When I had adjusted myself to the situation, I felt a sense of gratitude that I had received an experience which phrased itself in what is entitled:

MY LESSON

THOUGH I had wandered far and wide,
And drifted out on sin's dark tide,
Into a drear and thorny track,
My heavenly Father brought me back.

Will, stricken blind, did give an ear,
And then the voice of God did hear,
Assuredly in love to say: —
"My child, you cannot from me stray,

For I am all and everywhere,
My being all my children share."
So now with joy I truly know,
In him a refuge from the foe.

THE UNFOLDMENT

In patience now I rest in good,
And love my neighbor as I should.
These blessed words I try to keep,
That as I sow I am to reap.

God is my Father and my Mother,
In heaven and earth, is found no other.
In joyous ecstasy I see,
Life hid with Christ, Eternally.

After my thought was transplanted consciously from the old belief of an unknown God to the higher conception, I had some wonderful demonstrations of the power of truth to overcome many grievances that had heretofore been impossible. As a sense of gratitude for this new old truth in my life came over me I expressed the same in the following verses:

TRUTH

TRUTH points me to the path of right,
And is my staff within,
It shows to me the way of love,
And through it, all to win.

It is a pæon for the ills,
Of sin and its illusions,
A rescue from the sting of death,
Through fear and its delusions.

It lifts the heart above the slum,
Of greed and mad ambition,
And crowneth wisdom's spotless brow,
With heaven's own sweet fruition.

THE UNFOLDMENT

Since knowing truth, this mortal life
Has lost its valued savor,
It can no longer bid me woo
Its petty, sordid favor.

With joy, henceforth I bear my cross,
Since through it comes the blessing,
Of Life, and Truth, and Love, and Peace,
At last my soul possessing.

Through picking up the earthly cross,
I lay its burdens down,
Each day 'tis borne, becomes a gem,
In my immortal crown.

Yes, I prefer the toilsome way,
The crown of thorns I choose,
Since, through a course of chastening, we
The cloak of mortals lose,

To find at last immortal life,
That peaceful flowing river,
The healing stream of Truth and Love,
Forever and forever.

THE COMFORTER

THOU art the true resurrection and Life,
A balm for all ill, that stilleth all strife.
Thou art the light, that's secure on the hill,
And the voice, that biddeth the rough waves
be still.

Thou art the root and the vine, of David a
part,
The true understanding that cleanseth the
heart.
To the high and the low, the great and the
small,
Thou are one with the Father, and Mother,
God, ALL.

THE foregoing verses were given me at the time that I made a demonstration over a scrofulous cripple. The healing was done in one realization of God's Allness.

MY SOLACE

I'VE a solace that I carry
With me whereso'er I go,
And it lights the path before me
With its reassuring glow.

This, my solace, all may have it,
And can prove it good and true,
An incentive to inspire them,
On and up in all they do.

Shall I tell you more about it?
'Tis these words, dear, don't you know,
"Tho' your sins may be as scarlet
I will make them white as snow."

Oft when walking, I have fallen
To the depths of sin below,
But revived, when I remembered
"I will make them white as snow."

Man-made systems then may wrong me,
O'er my path their shadows throw;
I seek refuge in my solace,
"I will make them white as snow."

MY SOLACE

Erring men now hate a brother
For a fault, and do not know
That his sinning now in darkness,
God will yet make "White as snow."

Yes, my solace now is starlit,
As I look I see it grow,
Till its rays light up my sinning,
With, "They shall be white as snow."

This my comfort, shield and buckler,
From earth's every hidden foe,
Frees my soul from sense, in knowing
I shall yet be "White as snow."

Glory! Yes, and hallelujah,
To each friend and every foe;
Though our sins may be as scarlet,
They will all be "White as snow."

St. Paul said: — "For what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." The preceding lines were the result of my knowledge that I had allowed myself to let error work through me to do many wicked things that afterwards caused

me to "repent in sackcloth and ashes." In my seeking for light when in remorse the Scriptural passage, so oft repeated in the poem, assured and reassured me.

MY PHILOSOPHY

HAVING firmly decided that all that we
find,
Is just as it should be, has settled my mind
On the high mount of justice, the world's
greatest throne,
So I mind my own business — *Let others alone.*

Though my friends and my neighbors,
through their creeds,
Some preaching baptism, some praying with
beads,
I leave them at peace for their sins to atone,
And go on serene and — *Let others alone.*

To argue the question, to reason at length,
Is a waste of the moments, of time and of
strength,
For unerring wisdom, supreme on the throne,
Will help those to climb who — *Let others
alone.*

A wish is a prayer, though not uttered in
word,
And clear to the top of the mountain is heard.

THE UNFOLDMENT

Knowing each man must reap, from the seed
he has sown,
I go on serene and — *Let others alone.*

I am quite satisfied the creative plan,
Is sufficient to guide and save every Man,
That some day all Men will succeed to the
throne,
Hence I go on quite glad — *To let others alone.*

THE above lines were written after a very trying experience with a man who pretended to be running a co-operative magazine. I accepted the position of housekeeper for a time. He was a mesmerist, and tried to misuse me in several ways. At last he and I had a very hot discussion, which led to some of my friends taking the matter up without my request. This frightened him and he came and asked me not to raise an insurrection with his business. I went to my room and prayed God to show me why I needed this experience. In a few minutes these lines came to my mind and I arose from my bed and wrote them down.

THE SENSE WALL

COULD I but tear the wall away,
That hides from me eternal day,
I'm sure the half could not be told,
Of beauties that would then unfold.

This side the wall is want and care,
Which I am sure will not be there.
The thing we love, in living dies.
The thing we trust, to our surprise,

We find at last a sordid cheat,
Where fading fancies pass and greet
The dying groaning of a sense,
That finds on earth no recompense.

When false things pass, we'll have the true,
Yea, heaven and earth be made anew.
So with the false I won't contend,
But wait in patience for the end:

The end of this old Adam dream,
Of things that are not what they seem,
When all the world as in one breath,
Will cry aloud, "There is no death."

Thank God for this the perfect day!
Our mortal dreams have passed away.
Henceforth all men are free from strife;
We've found the truth that *God is Life*."

THE foregoing lines were written at a time when those whom I thought should befriend me did exactly the opposite. During this event, my struggles in Gethsemane enabled me to forgive as I would be forgiven, seeing that the physical being was only the partition wall, that must be torn away before the beauties and harmony called heaven could appear.

MY DREAM

SINCE the year of 1909,
A fuller sense of love is mine.
The all of truth I cannot see,
But time unfolds it more to me.

So, for a moment, let us go,
Back to the time when truth's soft glow,
Flowed in, my sin-tossed life, to heal,
And God's restoring power reveal.

When first this light on me did shine,
I thought both earth and heaven were mine.
I did not see all to be done,
Ere striving cease through haven won.

Lo, on a dark unguarded day,
A storm came sweeping down my way,
And stirred my erring, human sense
To fear; and then a war commence.

When once aroused by doubt and fear,
It seemed to scream right in my ear:
"You can't reform, for if you would
The scorn and hate of people good,

"Would close their doors on such as you.
They won't believe your motive true
No woman has, since time begun,
Her course from vice to freedom won.

"Before you stands an awful wall,
You ne'er can scale, it is so tall
'Tis made of granite thick and strong,
To Pharisees it does belong.

"You need not cry, they will not hear.
You need not threat, they have no fear.
They'll ne'er consent to ope to you
So now, What are you going to do?"

Before this picture sore amazed,
I stood in awe and almost crazed.
I vowed to trace it with my pen,
Right in the minds and hearts of men.

Fear made me fight both foe and friend,
Until I thought 'twould never end,
And heaven seemed as far away,
As on that storm and cloudy day.

MY DREAM

At last I prayed the storm to still,
To silence erring human will,
And then a still small voice did say:
"There's something wrong. You've missed
your way:

The burdens now you call your own,
Are tares your erring thoughts have sown.
You must reverse the things that seem.
They are not true, 'tis but a dream.

Then don't forget the things you see,
In truth have no reality."
So now I feel remorse and shame,
And know that I am much to blame.

Confession and atonement blends,
I long so much to make amends.
Oh, Lamb of God, I cry to thee,
Forevermore to pilot me.

The foregoing poem was the general awakening to the past failures to live as close to God as I should have done when temptation struggled for supremacy, — also the demand for a greater supply of divine energy to meet needs of the present hour.

TO MY FRIEND

YOUR letter came to me to-day,
So now dear one I write to say:
These lines I haste to pen to you,
My dearest friend, so good and true.
My thought goes back to by-gone days,
When I in sorrow's winding ways,

Did seek and find through your relief
A healing from a sense of grief.
Yea, while on earth I chance to live,
Kind memory to my thought doth give,
A picture drawn by holy grace,
Reflected in your loving face.

In holy calm, I think of thee,
And what the future is to be.
I doubt not, though 'tis vast and dim,
Since all my hope is placed in Him,
Who rose in triumph from the grave,
The multitude to heal and save.

Then let the surges come and go.
I have one comfort, this I know:

TO MY FRIEND

Throughout all vast eternity,
The all that truly is of Thee,
Will find in God a home of peace,
Where life as Love shall never cease.

Just a letter — and yet it brings to mind days of seeming darkness, lighted by the sweet face and loving words of one who has cleared my pathway of many shadows. A strange fate separated us. Perhaps the lesson lies in this: "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?" The loss of personal friends teaches us their value, and our duty to the stranger within our gates.

GIVE ME WISDOM

AS my heart to God is lifted,
The clouds of earth are rifted,
Into my mind there gleams a brighter ray,
Bringing peace and satisfaction,
Guiding every thought and action,
Permeating every word I am to say.

So for Wisdom I am praying,
To myself, I'm ever saying,
"God has promised to give wisdom if we call."
Wisdom, Truth and Love are light,
Ever leading on the right,
Biding in them we can never, never fall.

Oh, of Wisdom, give me more,
For, I'd count my blessings o'er,
In some good unto some brother I have done;
For without it, none can say,
That we'd ever find the way,
Or a triumph over sin be ever won.

So, O God, I earnest pray,
Give me Wisdom every day,
To guide me in the strait and narrow way;

GIVE ME WISDOM

Where God's children, manifold,
Who in righteousness were bold,
Rest in wisdom, truth and love's eternal day.

The above verses came to me as the response to an earnest prayer for light and guidance one morning when all arrangements were made to go to Boston on a matter of grave importance. There were some points involved of which I was uncertain. So, while my heart went out to God, these lines were presented to my mind in this rythmic prayer.

LIFE AND WHAT IT IS

The great multitude of earth believe that they live in the body alone; that, when a part of the physical anatomy is ailing, a part of the real being is sick. This is far from true. Only when one affliction after another has come and gone does man find that he does not live in or of the flesh. It is after they have spent their temporal force he finds these words of Whittier true.

"The world that time and sense hath known,
Falls off and leaves us God alone.
So, to the calmly gathered thought,
The innermost of truth is taught,
The mystery dimly understood,
That love of God is love of good."

But says one: "I do not believe it." Another: "I do." Let us examine the two in the light of history and tradition and compare results. The one who does not believe it, cannot prove his unbelief, has no encouragement to offer a brother in distress, nor can he furnish a high moral standard for business or social success.

The man who says he does believe it, is tolerant and progressive, open to conviction, and a useful

pillar in building up the moral elements of society, because he believes in the eternal law under and overlying the affairs of men. Of this class the philosophers are born, the Whittiers.

In scriptural records, we find that the most earnest or devout sang or chanted in the most rhythmic tones. It is proven to-day that the inspired words of these ancient worthies, turned to in consecrated thought in hours of pain, has power to cool the fevered brow or heal disease, demonstrating these words of Whittier, to be real:

> "We touch him in life's throng and press,
> And we are whole again."

We touch him in mind, spirit. This is the spiritual unfoldment, the rising in the scale of being to a fuller expression of life, and is a transformation of the natural man. The unfoldment goes on until the individual attains to that perfection where he spontaneously chants forth as in the following verses which I entitled:

LOVE AND LIVE

OUT of self and into thee
O Lord, I daily ask to be;
To know and do each passing hour,
Some act to prove thy healing power.

I long to live above the lies
Of earthly living, and despise
Its sham and show, its vile deceit,
Its glories — vain consuming heat;

To love all beings, as my mother,
And feel that each man is my brother;
To rise above the passing dream,
Into the great eternal stream,

Where all God's children, pure and good,
In one unbroken brotherhood,
Join in the strain of love divine,
"*I am of thee, and Thou art mine.*"

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